WHO'S FOR NEW YORK? *

BIG general strike embracing all trades! The ruthless insistence with which labor leaders continue te brandish this threat over the city becomes intolerable.

Are the business, the prosperity, the industrial credit of a metropolis of 5,000,000 people matters of so little moment that they can be kicked into a corner to give a few traction companies and their employees a bigger field for battle?

It seems incredible that men whose ewn interests, large or small. legend upon the city's industrial health and vigor can oven admit the hought of such a paralyzing blow.

New York has only just begun to feel good times. The rest of the country caught the spirit nearly two years ago. In this city it came slower. But in the last few months business in New York has at last quickened its step and caught the pace.

loos this mean nothing to labor! During the week that ends to-night more than fifty pages of Help Wanted advertisements have been printed in The World.

Does labor see nothing in this significant demand for workers in New York? Is it indifferent as to whether it has work or not so long as it has its way?

Will it cripple at such a time this great community to which so many pundreds of thousands of workers look for wages, trample upon it, halt its so, lower its vitality, arrest a development which, for its own sake, taber should be the first to further!

After all, whose New York is it? Doesn't it belong as much to the workingman as to the capitalist? Can anybody put it in fetters that will not sooner or later press upon the muscles of labor?

Tie up New York!

Because of a wrangle between a handful of traction managers and a up of labor leaders, tie up the city's trade, tie up its manifold activities, up its newly regained prosperity, tie up its future!

What chance has the City of New York against thousands who are endy to attack its welfare even though they wreck their ewn!

> Willow a Mollifler.-Headline Mollycoddle!

"AMERICA FIRST."

NATION-WIDE movement to give American consumers first call on American food products is reported under way. "By the time Congress meets in December," declared Commissioner of Weights and Measures Hartigan yesterday, "millions of names will be signed to petitions for an embargo upon estables. The present situation is very serious, but the outlook is even more critical."

"Except those who have studied the wheat situation, few persons understand we are facing a crisis so far as that staple is concerned. Reports received from the Department of Agriculture show we have only 220,000,000 bushels of wheat for consumption in the United States unless we keep the 800,000,000 bushels destined for export. We need an average of 600,000,000

"We may be without flour by April. Before then bread may be selling for 20 cents a 10-punce loaf."

More than nine months ago The Evening World began to call attention to what lay in store for American consumers if big producers of American foodstuffs were allowed to go on sending inessing quantities of their products abroad.

Since then price boosters in this country, quick to take advantage of scarcity rumors and the handy pretext of the war, have been busier than ever with the retail cost of meat, vegetables and bread.

We shall be glad to see the country at last awake to the situation. The Federal Trade Commission has become a great and powerful agent in the national service. Never has it had a better chance to sid the public and prove its value than now.

Let the Federal Trade Commission begin an immediate investigation of the country's food problems. If embargoes are warranted Congress must be able to act with full knowledge of the facts. Those facts the Federal Trade Commission is, of all bodies, best fitted to

This nation is not heartless. It has no wish in the present state of the world to withhold a reasonable share of its food from foreign markets, where the demand is desperate. But it has a right to know where it stands. There is no reason why American consumers should be starved or robbed solely in order that big American food exporters may reap war profits in Europe.

Father Knickerbocker has reached a pittable state. His hat falls off on his heels whenever he sees a foot raised.

Letters From the People

The "Miss" Column. To the Editor of The Evenius World:
It is a deplorable fact that ninety per cent, of the women holding posi-

tions in New York City and elsewhere are in the "Miss" column. Ages range ap to sixty years, yet they are Misses nolding down positions formerly held by men who married and supported a wife and children. Just trace the malority of females to their homes and you will find as many as five office-nolders living in one \$25 apartment, pooling the eat fund for economy, doing their own washing and permitting some poor boy who earns \$5 ting some poor boy who earns \$5 weekly to pay their car fare, when he happens to enter the same station with one of them.

The woman in office buys \$12 shoes,

\$15 hats, \$40 suits, &c., and reports for office duty as though ready for some evening entertainment. And this is the wonderful work of females who quit the kitchen to com-

were east side. uptown, and ask rourself, "How do shop girls who earn but \$5 weekly buy \$10 shoes, &c?"
Where formerly an office boy was letailed you'll find a young girl in tharge. Boys formerly contributed in the property of their earnings of the bush of the property of the purchase of their earnings. the unkeep of the home. Tothe girl holding the boy's posiwhere can I obtain a copy of John mot
requires her own sarnings and O'Keefe's poems?

H. M. R. out

some of father's savings in order to be up-to-date.

"Equal rights and pay," the woman cries, "but you can't expect me to do more than clothe myself."

U. S. 3,616,484 Square Miles; Europe 2,671,624 To the Editor of The Evening World: Which is the largest, the United States or all the countries of Europe combined?

Columbia University.

To the Bitter of The Breating World: Where can I learn chemistry? A SUBSCRIBER.

Care Adventure Magazine, New York. To the Editor of The Evening Weets: Let me know the address of the Adventure Club? Make That Speed.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can any passenger trains on the railways either of the United States or Europe make one and a half miles a minute down grade?

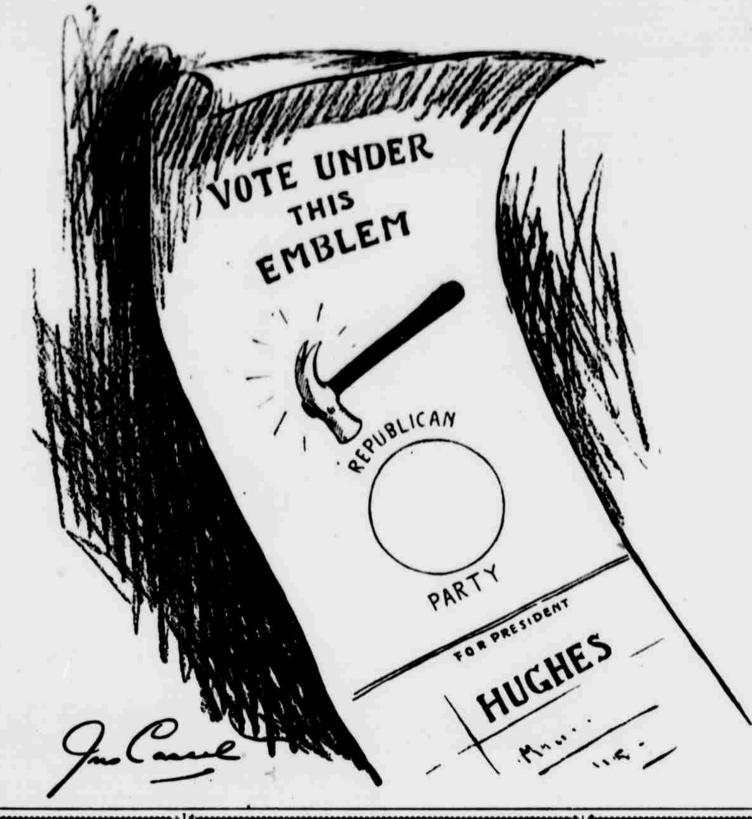
J. W.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Does the postponement of the opening of school apply to high school?

They Are Not In Book Form.

G. O. P. Ballot

By J. H. Cassel



The Evolution of Carriages

HE wheeled carriage would appear to have been used in Egypt as early as the days of Joseph. Models of these vehicles now in the museums at Cairo and Alexandria indicate extreme slanderness of construction, capacity for speed and room sufficient for two passengers

From the Pharachs the use of the carriages, or chariots as they were ter of any name or kind."

Calling the roll of the work countries. David, in his march of conquest through Syria and Zobia, confiscated 700 charlots. Solomon, who whether in his wives or royal

democracy.

Alexander the Great, returning from the conquest of India, travelled in an open carriage drawn by eight black names to the world, but it has not given the greatest names. What long line of vehicles laden with rich carpets, gold and silver vessels and other apolis of war.

democracy.

Aristocracy has given some great Odyssey" are not the work of a single man, but poems of many authors premain the many of early Greeks name survives most gioriously the one wandering rhapsodist to another. Homer, in the meagre scrape of tradi-

little place in mechanical or scientific poet, of whom it was written: invention, possessed a peculiar genius seven cities warred for Homer, being in development of the works of other

was restricted to personal temperature of Sustonius, taking with him on his travels no less than 1.00e carriages. In the seventh and eighth centuries of the Chirchias are, the carriage aptition of the Chirchias are, the carriage aptition of the Chirchia service of the second of the courts of the court of the courts of the right Britszka, and the cabriolet familiar in the illustrations of Dick-

upon a design suggested by the dis-tinguished jurist and statesman of

the Stanhope, the Tilbury, the gig, the hired hackney coach (used by the middle classes), the Brougham, built consumed in roll-calls alone. A vot-

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

Homer, in the meagre scrape of tradi-tion, is represented as old, blind and

Agamemnon and the treachery

Ciytemnestra.

Two portraits of Remer have place in the British museum, one bronse head which is considered to be among the finest productions of

Calling the roll of the world's great-est men and women, with the Prest-ways succeeded, always will sucdent's remark in mind, you will be ceed. conflicated 700 chariots. Solomon, who whether in his wives or royal properties loved vast numbers, owned 1,600 chariots, while his merchants drove a highly profitable middleman's trade with carriages brought out of Egypt, at 600 shekels (about \$250) has been an active propagandist for canch.

Homer, one of the earliest litustrations of the predilection of ganius to it is seek its home in the minds of the humble, was born so long ago—upon the west coast of Asia Minor in the has been an active propagandist for all the carriage democracy.

other apolls of war.

The Romans who, while they have of Homer, blind beggar and great

people, were the first to adopt the car-riage for private use, and thence to build good roads on which to travel head.

During a long session of Con- gle session of Congress, he says,

Lives That Prove Democracy Mayor Walker of Delhi

By Bide Dudley.

nation.

In our own country the most epication overcame the largest obstacles. Lincoln's birthplace to the nation.

"Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind."

Calling the roll of the world's greatest men and women, with the Press. casion being the opening of the school stant Reader." introduce the Mayor. Miss Doolittle performed that service very gracefully, dropping into original rhyme

pefore she finished. "Children," she said, "we have with us to-day a very fine man who runs this city and protects us all from fore he does I shall read a poem about Miss Doolittle then read the follow

ing rhyme:

tion, is represented as old, blind and poor, straying from city to city while he sang for a coin or a meal the loves of Helen and Paris, the bravery of Achilles and Hector, the sorrows of of My cistur's child. Tomor Bichotta.
And a set of axio groups.

She did it to spite a friend.

But pritting hack to Mayor Walker.

I'll het he sporch will be delighted.

Of Which might be considered apticful.

each day. Mayor Walker then arose. "How long do you think it would ments too."

The constable found the disturber DURING a long session of Congress, he says, he gress a mathematician figured that fifty-six days had been consumed in roll-calls alone. A voting machine, which is now being conlidered, has taken ninety thousand roll calls, says Popular Science to a large board within the view of all. The board also totals the vote that the was Heck Wallams, an acti-Walker Democrat. A fight followed in which Brown was knocked down four times. Brown was knocked down four times, but he managed to get his man out by daring him to go to Groogan's place and shake for the drinks. Old Uncle Whiff Garbey was knocked down once in the meles but he immediately arose and gave a cheer for Mayor Walker.

The affair has set the whole town talking. tinguished jurist and statesman or that name, and finally the squat, ugly, roll calls, says Popular Science square shaped affair, beloved of Victoria and named after her, and which Monthly. It would give Congress two with successive slight improvements was to maintain its premier position in the Old and New Worlds until the installed his system in the State Leguided for that purpose, and the tomotor car came along and drove it islature of Wisconsin, and it is giving excellent service there. In a singly corrected on the board.

The Woman of It By Helen Rowland

topologic, 1914 by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Arming World

She Sags If's Best to Throw Away Life's "Junk." VE been having a perfectly beautiful time," announced the Widow happely, on she tripped down the store, during her ame! heads tegether, and shaking the signs of housestearing off his distribute

After "post throwing out god continue" - A woman's favores partime." ascianment the Backette, pair ting down his but and stick, and stretching himself tunar may bet to the library fire. "I wonder what it is in the feminine coming that makes bee take such hingrous for in throwing things away."

"Window," answered the Widow promptly, as she rang for tea. "The eternal windows of Nature and Mother Evel. A man just halve changes of any sort-housecloaning, moving, marrying, divorcing, and even changing from his straw hat to his felt. But a woman knows instinctively that it's only by casting out life's 'junk,' and making room for the new, that you can keep it sweet and clean and full of of vim and excitement. That's why she loves to move and to clean house"-

"And to get married and divorced," interpolated the Hashelor.
"A man always says, 'Alas, everything changes! but a women mys.
"Thank heaven, everything changes!"—and the women's viewpoint is right."
"Of course," multered the Hachelor, "to-day year-risy and forever!"
"This is the psychological time of the year," continued the Widow, "when like Nature, we should east off the old, the withered, the passe, the

"Ye gods!" greated the Buchelor, "are you referring to ME"

"The logical time," repeated the Widow, ignoring the pathetic appeal, "to throw away all our sartorial social mental and entitmental junk —our faded frocks, and faded romances, our frivolute summer literature and five-close summer ways, our passe hate and frazzled fifration—and make room. In our houses, and clothes-closets, and hearts and lives for the things worth while!"

Collectors of Junk.

66 D "I'T how do you know," protested the Bachelor, "that you wen't NEED the things to-morrow that you throw away to-day? I never gave away an old overcoat, or threw away an old hat, that I didn't want t back again the very next day."

"And you probably never broke off a firtation with a woman that you didn't want her back again the very next day?" laughed the Widow mockdin't want her back again the very next day?" laughed the Widow mockingly. "That's the masculine nature! The average man keeps his desk so full of 'trash,' and his den so full of 'junk,' and his heart so full of cheap sendment,' that he never can find the one thing he really wants, when he wants it. He simply CAN'T throw anything away, from an old receipt to a useless friendship, for fear he 'may want it again to morrow.' His life to like a small boy's pocket—just full of Junk.' And he thinks he's SO clever to have collected it. I know a man who is paying storage on five trunks full of 'fishing clothes,' simply because he hadn't the heart to throw any of them away. I know a bachelor whose spartment looks like a 'curin shep, simply because he can't part with anything that once took his fancy. But, as for ME, when I'm tired of a hat or a gown, or a piece of bric-a-brac, I throw it away without a qualm'—

"Yes," broke in the Bachelor, "and when you're tired of a man, I suppose

you throw him over without a qualm?"

"I keep my mind, and my heart, and my house, and my life uncluttered by 'trash." continued the Widow, calmly. "I simply WON'T accept anything 'Just as good, whether it's a friendship or a breakfast food, and I won't keep anything that's passe, whether it's a sunshade or a sentiment!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the Bachelor admiringly, "But I'll wager the 'trash' collects about you just the same!"

No Room for Trach.

OH, TES," soknowledged the Widow, with a nigh. "That's why I have to have my annual autumn bousederning." been decaived in a bat, or a gown, or a friend, or an emotion, or a man-bave thought them the 'real thing' when they were only imitations. Then, out they go-and there is space in my supposed or my heart for the

real thing!"

"To gode!" exclaimed the Bachelor, "Tour heart must be a perfect vacuum—a howling wilderness! When are you going to throw ME cut?"

"Oh, you!" and the Widow smited deprecatingly. "I guess I'll keep you about for—for a while. There are SOME things one never likes to part with because of the santimental attachment, you know. Besides"—

"Yes, yes—go on!" urged the Bachelor.

"I'm afraid," sighed the Widow, "that if I throw you out, I should want you back again—the very next day!"

Three-Dollar-a-Week Stenographer By Sophie Irene Loeb

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

MAN advertised as follows:

Man advertised as follows:

"Stepographer, rapid advancement, \$3 weekly to start."

A young woman stenographer answered this ad, by writing a letter to
the employer and sending a copy to
The Evening World, signing "Constant Reader."

The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Sir: Your liberal offer regarding a stenographic position for

"Dear Sir: Your liberal offer regarding a stenographic position for the enormous sum of \$2 per came to my attention.

"Nine chances out of ten you are one of the numerous persons when when you read about girls neglecting to follow the straight and narrow path, open your eyes in astenishment and wonder why, and then you have the nerve to offer any decent, respectable girl the "measley" sum of \$2 for a week's work.

"With the present high cost of living, would you please stop to think where a girl would live who worked for you for that sum; where would she buy her clothes? Where would her lunch mensy come from, and last, but not least, where would her rood come from? Where would her lunch mensy come from, and last, but not least, where would her carfare come from, or perhapa, to your way of thinking, she had better get up at 4.30 A. M. and walk to your gorgeous office—the air would do ber good.

"Your advertisement calle for a stenographic course requires a period on the least to make such a stenographic course requires a period."

"Wake up! Come to money will accept your position, and don't hold your possition, and ton't hold your

"Your advertisement calls for a his own, has the heart to make such as tenographer. Do you realise that a stenographer which might be conducted spiteful.

Thunderous applicuse followed the reading of the poem and ended only when Miss Doolittle held up one hand and eadd the poem would be set to musto so the children might sing it stationery.

"Your advertisement calls for a his own, has the heart to make such as offer.

"Wake up! Come to your senses: "Wake up! Come to your senses: if you can't offer a good salary, at east try to be fair and give a girl amounts to about \$70? This figure does not include lunches, carfare and offer.

This letter speaks for itself. This atenographer argues from experience in the vernacular. "Them's my sentiments too." I echo, "Wake up. Mr. Employer."

herring aren't any deader than two salted ones.

Facts Not Worth Knowing By Arthur Baer

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening Wor PHEN at a full gallop a enail travels about no feet in some weeks. Scientific research has definitely ascertained that three salted

It is impossible to get any music by blowing into a bass drum

Unless firmly fastened on one end whiskers will be found to be very

By keeping your eyeglasses directly in front of you, it is possible to prevent a stranger from wearing 'em with you.

The students in an Ohio academy are all druggists, and the curriculum consists of courses in neighborhood gassip, remarks on the weather and deeiphering Chinese prescriptions spoken over a telephone wire in Norwegian with a Swiss movement. The student is eligible to graduate when he can squeeze a profit out of a customer who buys a free almanae, seipes his muddy feet, borrows a light from the clerk, massages the dictionary and then asks for scholesale rates on a penny stamp. A post-graduate course consists of taking messages to the pretty girl who lives seven blocks away from the drug store but ain't got any telephone in her home.